The Lady *Iſabella*'s Tragedy;

OR,

The Step-Mothers Cruelty.

Being a Relation of a moſt Lamentable and Cruel Murder, committed on the Body of the Lady Iſabella, the only Daughter of a Noble Duke, occaſioned by the means of a Cruel Step-Mother and the Maſter-Cook, who were both adjudged to ſuffer death, for committing the ſaid Horrid Act.

To the Tune of The Ladies Fall.

There was a Lord of worthy fame
and a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train,
of Gentry by his ſide.

And whilſt he did in chaſe remain,
to ſee both ſport and play,
His Lady went as ſhe did feign,
unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter fair
whoſe beauty ſhin'd ſo bright:
She was belov'd both far and near
of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair Iſabella was ſhe call'd,
A Creature fair was ſhe,
She was her fathers only joy,
as you ſhall after ſee.

But yet her Cruel ſtep-Mother,
did envy her ſo much,
That day by day ſhe ſought her life
her Malice it was ſuch.

She bargain'd with the Maſter-Cook
to take her life away,
And taking of her Daughters Book,
ſhe thus to her did ſay.

Go home ſweet Daughter, I thee pray
go haſten preſently.
And tell unto the Maſter-Cook
theſe words that I tell thee.

And bid him dreſs to Dinner ſtraight,
that fair and milk white Doe.
That in the Park doth ſhine ſo bright,
there's none ſo fair to ſhow.

THis Lady fearing of no harm,
obey'd her Mothers will,
And presently she hasted home,
her mind for to fulfill.

She streight into the Kitchin went,
her message for to tell;
And there the Maſter Cook she spy'd,
who did with Malice swell.

You Maſter-Cook it must be so,
do that which I thee tell,
You needsmust dress the milk white Doe,
which you do know full well.

Then streight his cruel bloody hands,
he on the Lady laid,
Who quibering and shaking stands,
whilst thus to her he said.

Thou art the Doe that I must dress;
see here behold my Knife
For it is pointed presently,
to rid thee of thy life.

O then cry'd out the Scullen boy
as loud as loud might be,
O save her Life good Maſter-Cook,
and make your Pies of me,

For pity sake do not destroy,
my Lady with your Knife,
You know she is her fathers joy,
for Christ's sake save her life.

I will not save her life he said,
nor make my Pies of thee,
But if thou dost this deed bewray,
thy Butcher I will be,

But when this Lord he did come home
for to sit down and eat,
He called for his Daughter dear,
to come and carve his meat.

Now sit you down his Lady said,
O sit you down to meat,
Into some Nunnery she is gone,
your Daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a bow,
before the company,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
untill he did her see,

O then bespake the Scullen-boy,
with a loud voice so high,
If that you will your Daughter see,
my Lord cut up that Pye.

Wherein her flesh is minced small
and parched with the fire:
All caused by her Step-Mother,
who did her death desire.

And cursed be the Maſter-Cook,
O cursed may he be,
I proffered him my own hearts blood,
from death to set her free.

Then all in black this Lord did mourn,
and for his Daughters sake,
He judged for her Step-mother,
to be burnt at a Stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Maſter-Cook,
in boyling Lead to stand;
And made the simple Scullen Boy,
the Heir to all his Land.

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